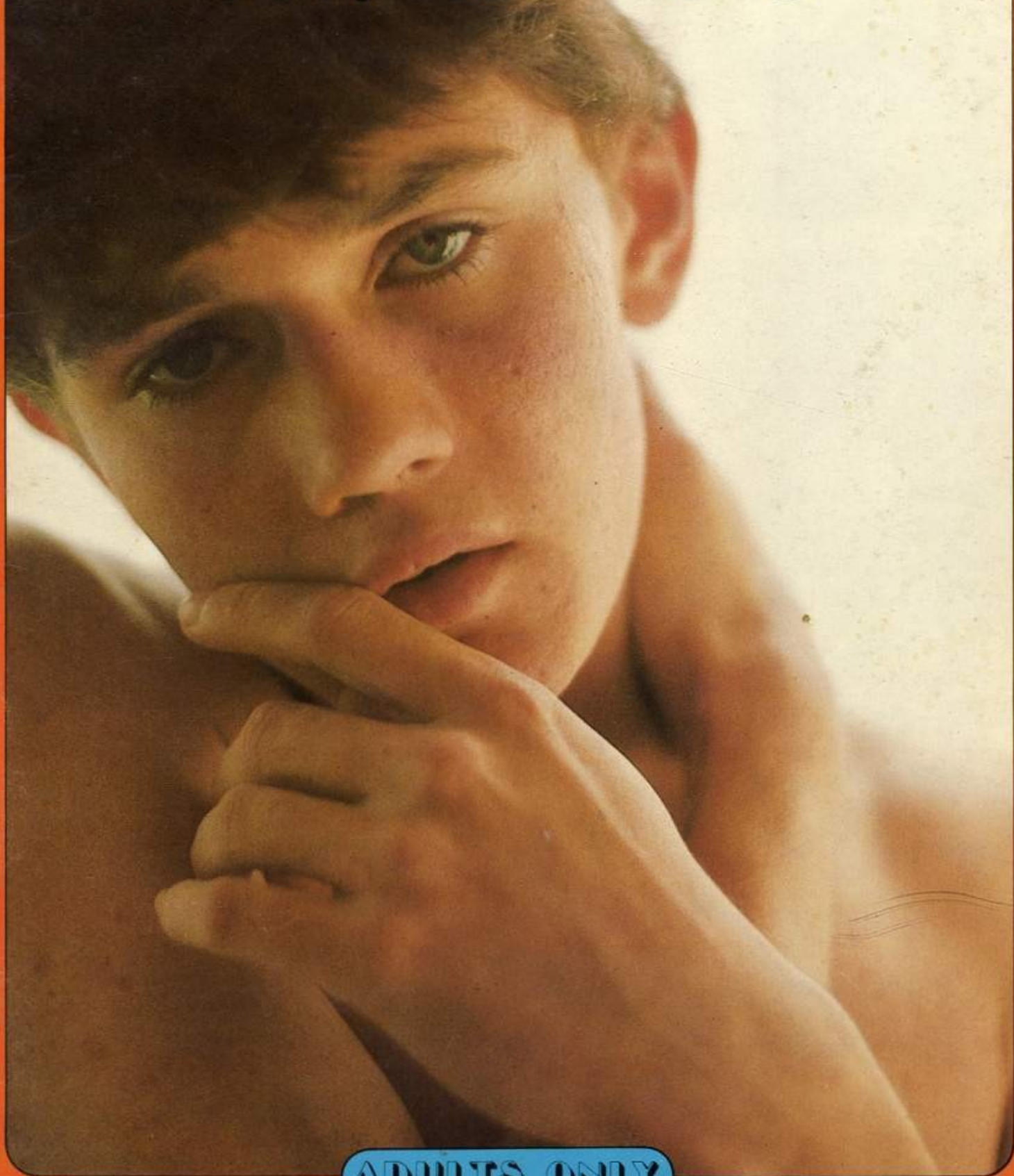


Cruisin 57

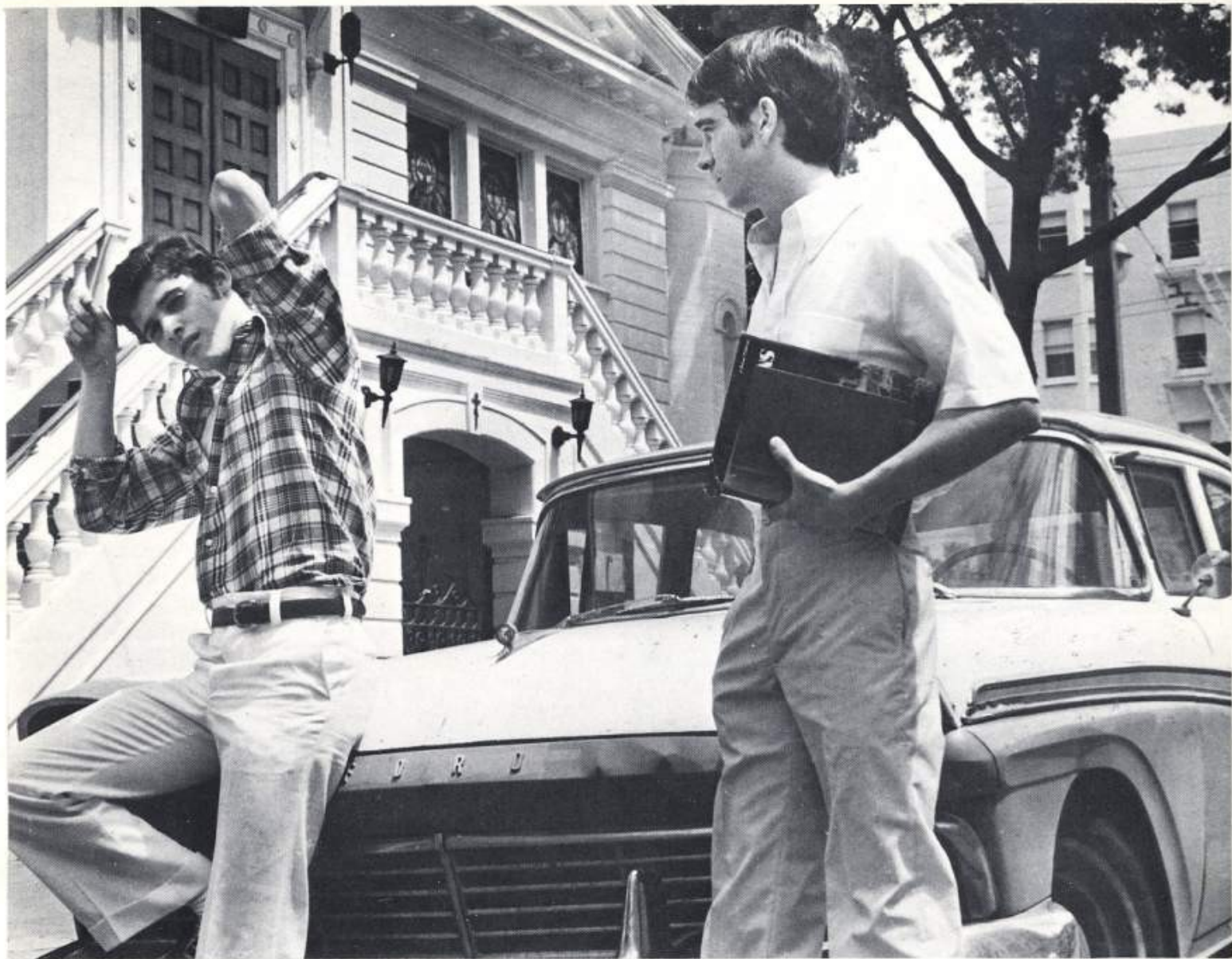
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ADULTS ONLY







I was watching Milton Berle goof around like he was a lady or something. I had to stretch my neck around my sister's greasy ponytail which kept flipping back and forth as she turned her head. I asked her to sit still or move. She told me to flake off. I told her to climb it. I was waiting for "Wheezer," my friend. We called him that because he smoked so much. He was dark haired, longer than most kids and combed back over the back edge of his collar. He had a smooth contour to his physical being. He was sharp and wicked in my book of rules. We did everything together. Quite a contrast in public we were. I was blond and nicknamed "Prettyboy," which I never liked because it sounded faggy. He was the girl-go-getter, and always did it in my presence to impress me. It did. My reactions just fed his ego and drew us closer together.

Tonight was the night he raved about all week. We were going to a picture at the Vine Street Drive-In. He would provide the women. I knew I would be nervous while he would call all the shots. I'll just follow him as always.

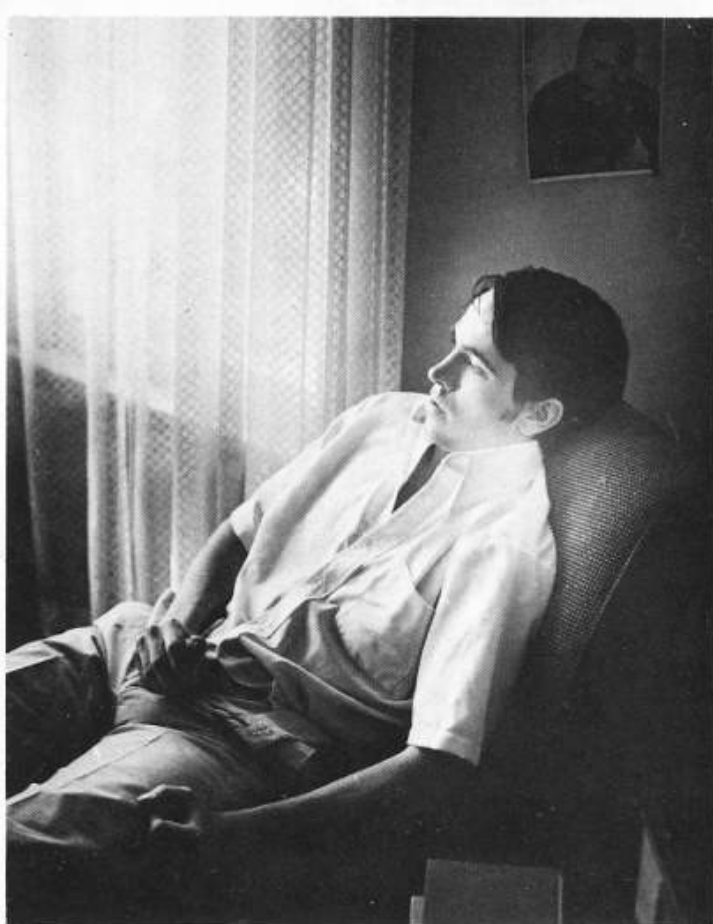
The horn sounded in the driveway. I shut Milton off right in front of my sister with the intentions of irritating her. It worked. I left before "mom" could be informed by her.

I got in the car quickly and said, "Let's go before I am called back." So Wheeze threw his Chevy in reverse and away we went. During this fast getaway I didn't notice the two girls. I wish I didn't have to. Wheezer's was with Jo-Bob, big tits, popular, and that is why, and that's all.

She was a real cow.

For me he had chosen the most googly-eyed girl in the school, Francine. She looked at me with kissy kissy look mixed with pursed lips which I couldn't tell if they represented pleasure or disgust. I wished she had worn sunglasses or a muzzle or both. But I was after all with "The Wheeze," so it *should* be fun. After all at least Francine wasn't a cow.

We drove up to Presidio and turned right to cross the bridge. Wheeze was yelling out the window as usual to any biker or pedestrian friends.



While we were crossing the "Big G" Wheeze said he had seen "Rebel Without A Cause" twice already and didn't want to pay to see it again.

"What do you suggest?," I said.

He took a drag on his cigarette which he always seemed to have hanging on his lips. "I say we both hide in the trunk and let the girls drive in."

Francine gave a pursy-lipped disgusted look which I could distinguish this time, but she said nothing.

After crossing the bridge we pulled over and gave the keys to Jo-Bob while Francine climbed over the front seat. Wheeze tried to look up her dress as she did this and turned to me and gave me a punky wink.

I laughed and got out of the car. We opened the trunk. Wheeze told me to get in first. I said that there wasn't any room for two.

"Lie down on your back and I'll get on top," he said. I did, but my head was in an awkward position. He got on top of me facing down, closing the trunk behind. It was dark. We heard gravel shoot against the body as Jo-Bob drove off. My head was uncomfortable but I noticed my other head all of a sudden. The weight of his hip against my crotch gave me a fire hot boner which slipped through the edge of my underwear. He had to notice it. It must have been the vibration of the car because I noticed he was hard too. It felt good. We were absolutely silent. When the car turned we rolled into each other even more and my dick gave an excited undulation.

We heard Jo-Bob saying, "Two Please," and she drove on in. She chose a spot far in back for reasons of privacy.

We got out and climbed back in the car with our hands in our pockets to hide the journey's results. Wheeze didn't even put the speaker in the window. We both immediately started making out with the girls. I followed everything he did out of the corner of my eye. Then he dropped down on the seat with her, so I had Francine do the same.

When the second feature had started to roll we were both finger-fucking them. In the front seat I heard moans and groans but Francine and I were quiet about the whole thing. When I got thinking about it I grew jealous of Jo-Bob. After that trunk situation I wished I was up there with Wheeze. I got the thought out of my head right.

The movie finally ended and the lot lights went on. Wheezer leaned back and said "Gee, that was a swell movie."

I laughed, as usual. We drove out and Wheeze suggested that we drop the girls off first. I thought that that was strange but I was all for it. We did just that.

"What are we going to do now?," I asked.

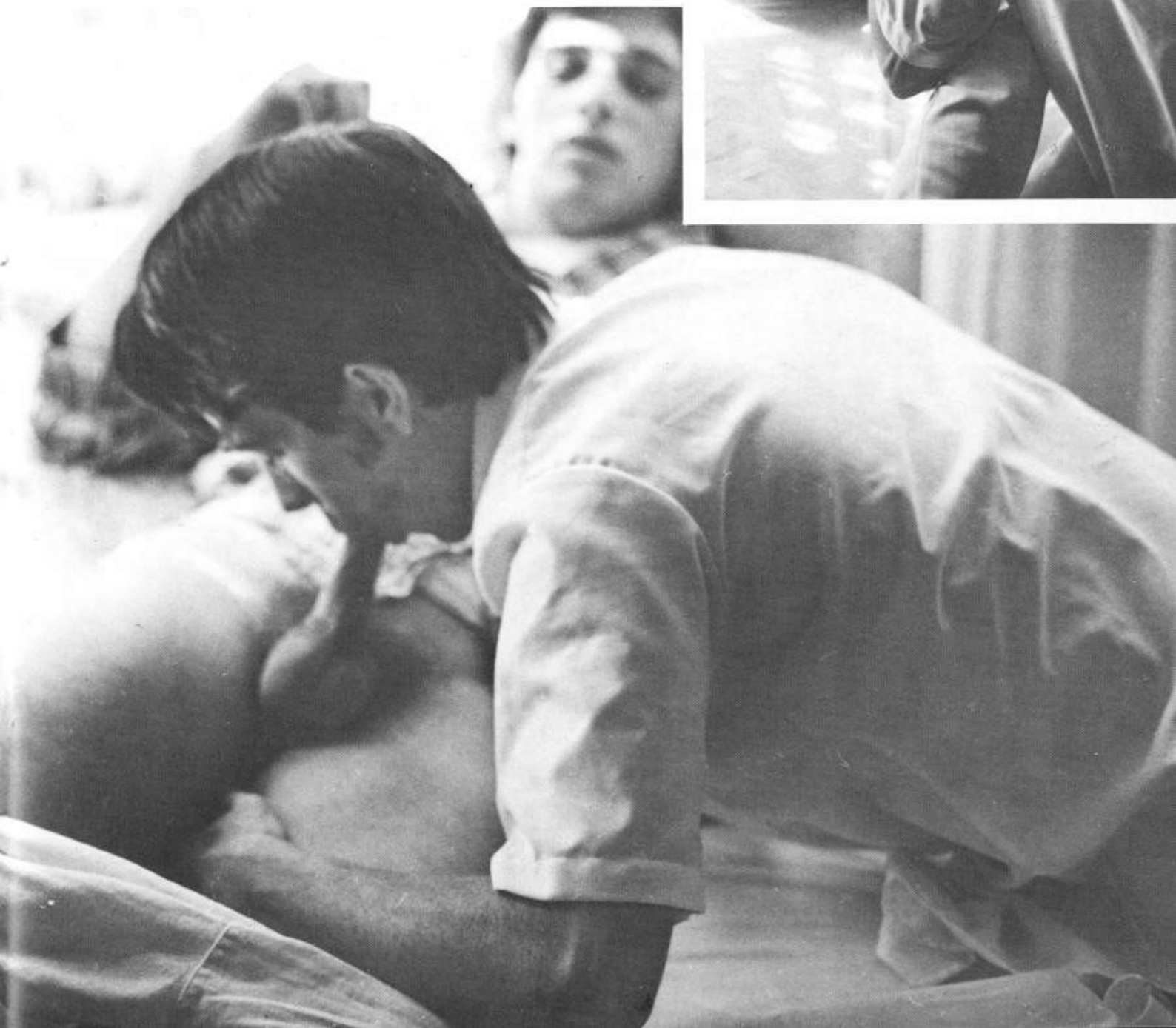
"Let's buy some booze," he answered smiling.

We ended up hanging around in front of "Angelos" waiting for someone to buy us some Old Crow. This old trampy guy got us a bottle and off we went.

"I don't want to drink this in the car," he said. I suggested the woods, so we agreed and off we went. The car climbed the hilly street up to Mt. Tampalias Park. It was secluded so no one would see us up here.

He parked the car and we went walking up a path to a clearing which had alot of leaves to lay on. We did this and drank the bottle dry. After hours of yukking it up and joking around, Wheeze changed the subject.

"You know, Jo-Bob was fun tonight but she got all the fun. I didn't even get touched. Girls don't think about us. We like to get stimulated too you know. When I think about it I am frustrated and want to pound off."

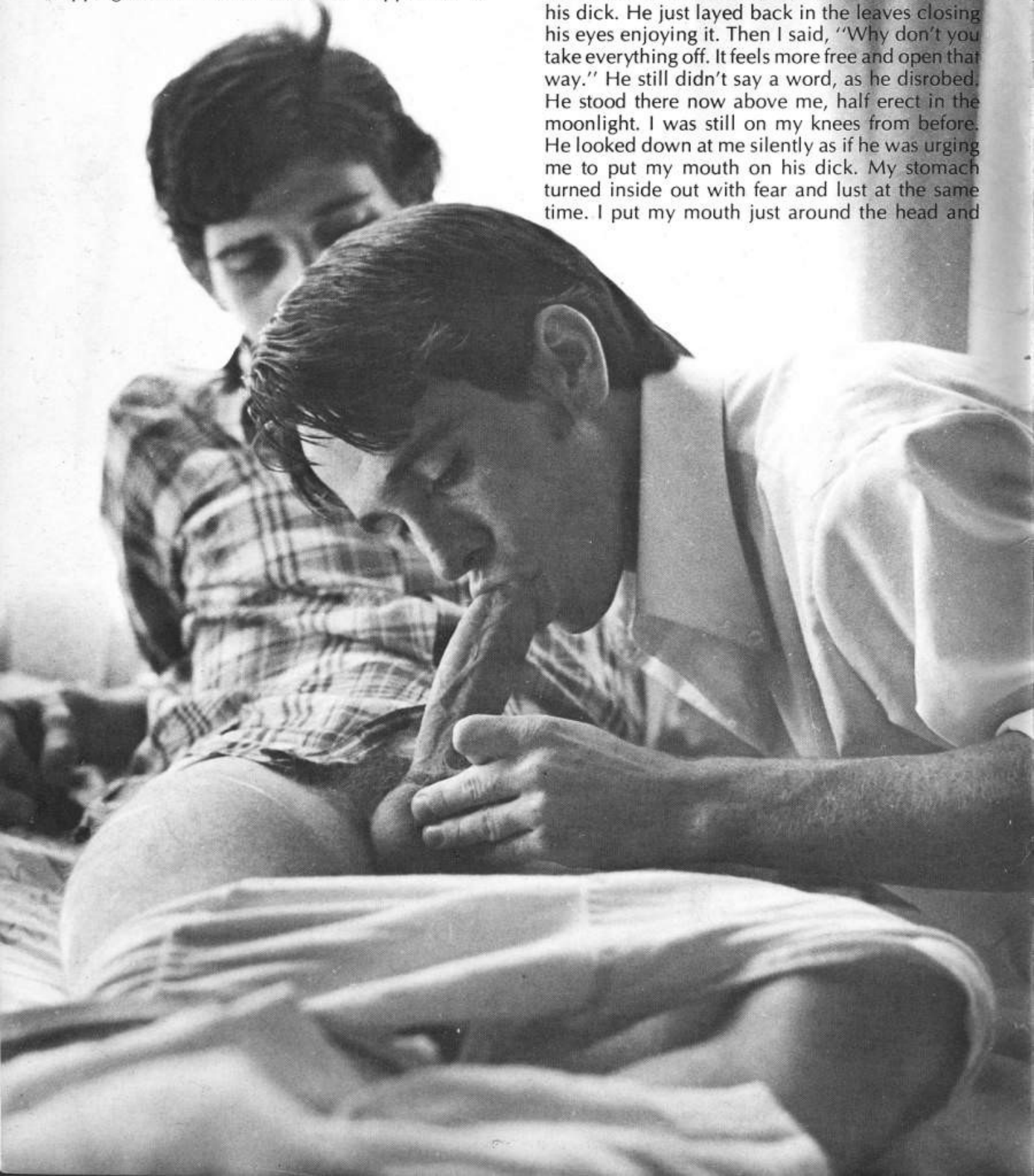


"Me too." I said "Why don't we. It is secluded up here and no one will see us."

"What the fuck," said Wheeze. He dropped his pants and briefs and started to play with his big balls to give himself an erection. I did the same. He pounded and pounded until sweat was dripping off of his forehead. He stopped for a

minute and rested. I don't know why but I said, "Do you want me to do it for you?" He looked at me and was silent for a long time, and then just layed back as if I should. He didn't want to say yes. I did.

I was nervous at first but then I got brave. I tickled his balls while at the same time I stroked his dick. He just layed back in the leaves closing his eyes enjoying it. Then I said, "Why don't you take everything off. It feels more free and open that way." He still didn't say a word, as he disrobed. He stood there now above me, half erect in the moonlight. I was still on my knees from before. He looked down at me silently as if he was urging me to put my mouth on his dick. My stomach turned inside out with fear and lust at the same time. I put my mouth just around the head and

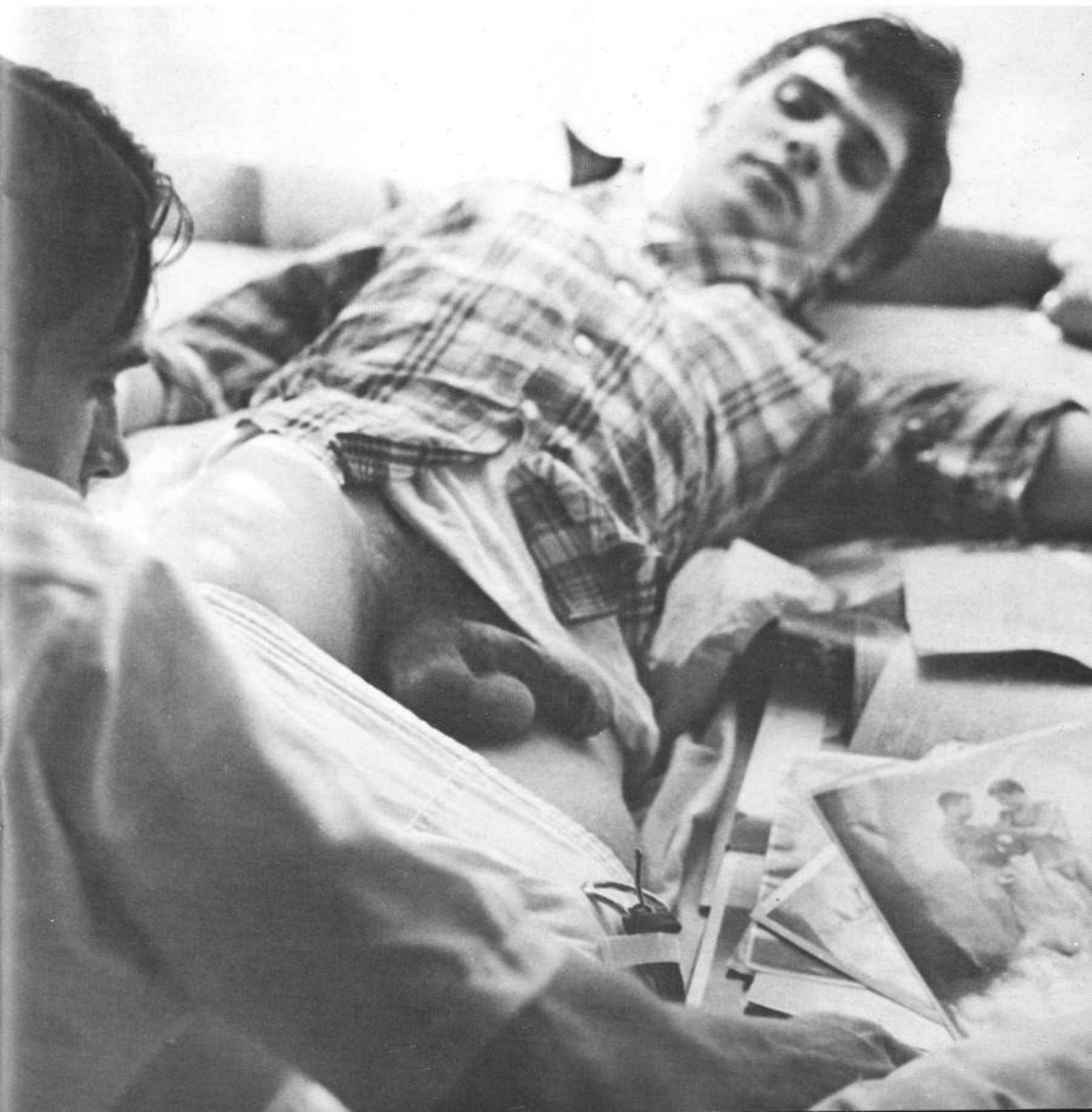


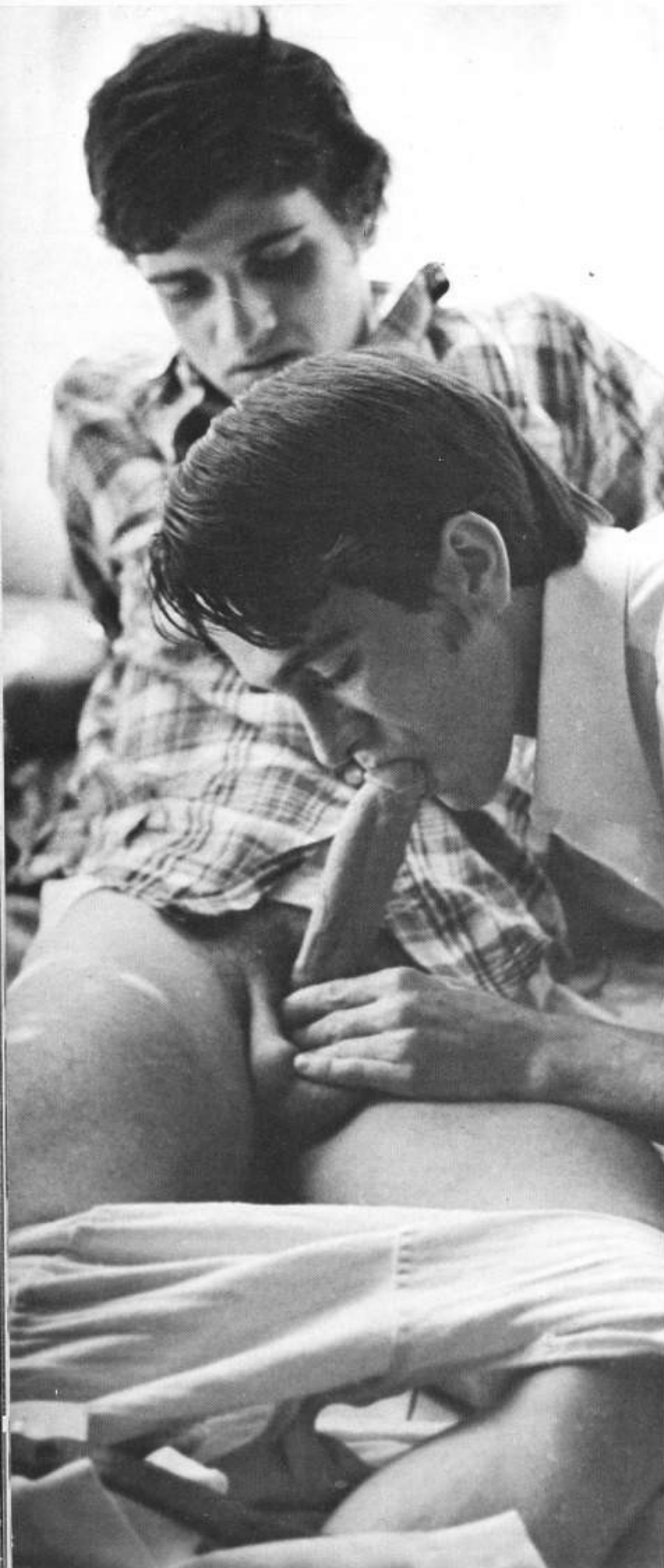
slowly moved it down as far as I could go until his head hit the back of my throat. I hadn't applied any pressure of sucking, so I decided that I had better. I did and sucked it like a big straw. I felt him grow bigger and harder inside my mouth. This went on for awhile until he reached down and held my head gently with shaking hands, for he was nervous also. He moved my head back and forth. I got the message. I sucked it and moved back and forth. It was fun. No, it wasn't fun, it couldn't be, but we were drunk. We were just horny.

He told me that I had to take off my clothes too. I

did, extremely fast. I had a boner also, but not as big as his. His dick had bulging veins in it with a curve to the side to it. Mine was about 7" smoother and straight and parallel with my body.

He laid down in the leaves to let me suck him more comfortably. I was getting tired of this so I lifted his legs in the air to see his asshole. To my surprise I liked looking at it. It was attractive. The pink contrast to the rest of his skin along the crack was inviting. I touched it, and then put my mouth down there and kissed it. What the hell! I licked it, deep, deep as I could. I was drooling all over the place and the saliva ran down his crack and into





the leaves. I was thinking about how I could please him in both places at once. I was enjoying pleasing him. My mouth ran the whole course. Wheeze was arched in the air on his shoulders while I knelt licking him from the end of his ass crack, across the asshole, over those big balls up his dick shaft and over his head. I would go down once, and suck on the way back up, and then down to the other end of his ass crack again. Now all the saliva was everywhere. I would lean back to just look at it all and see his organs gleaming with moisture in the moonlight mixed with sweat on his chest and hips. His eyes were still closed. Mine were wide open not missing a thing. He was so tight and well defined but still skinny! God damn!

I began to masturbate myself at the same time. I was perfectly content doing this because I knew he wouldn't do the same for me. I had him close to cumming, but then I stopped because I knew that I could get him going now.

"Fuck Me," I said real fast not even making eye contact with him. I turned over before he could even answer. I felt him get on my back and rub up and down. I yelled "No, go inside. He was shaking alot. He pushed the head of fat dick in until I yelped. It hurt, but I didn't want him to stop. I turned and said, "Spit on it alot." He drew a big hodge and delivered it right on my asshole. What a great feeling, it was so warm and slimy. He entered again. I yelped again. "Slowly," I said.

Slowly, painfully, but surely he got all of that big tool of his inside me. I was full, really full and stretched, but what a neat feeling. Then he started to pump a little. I contorted my face in slight anguish until I got used to it.

He violently started pumping away. I thought I was being ruptured inside. The heat of his dick was burning my pink insides. I was thinking trashy impure thoughts while he was doing it. I wanted to see him fucking me, so I pulled away and turned over and threw my legs in the air. He looked puzzled for awhile and then entered again with my ass and hips airborne. I loved watching his sweating face and arms holding my legs firmly almost cutting off circulation. My feet were locked and arched pointed in the air. I masturbated while at the same time I could look just a little bit further and see his hips undulating in and out.

This went on for about ten minutes, and I was hurting and raw. I didn't care, it made it that more fun. I wanted him to hurt me in a way as long as it was this way. He had inhaled short breaths. Then ther was a big gasp from him as I felt a scalding juice deep, deep inside my fragile innards. He fell forward on me exhausted. I was still pounding off holding up his weight at the same time with his cock half inside. I could feel the cum rolling down

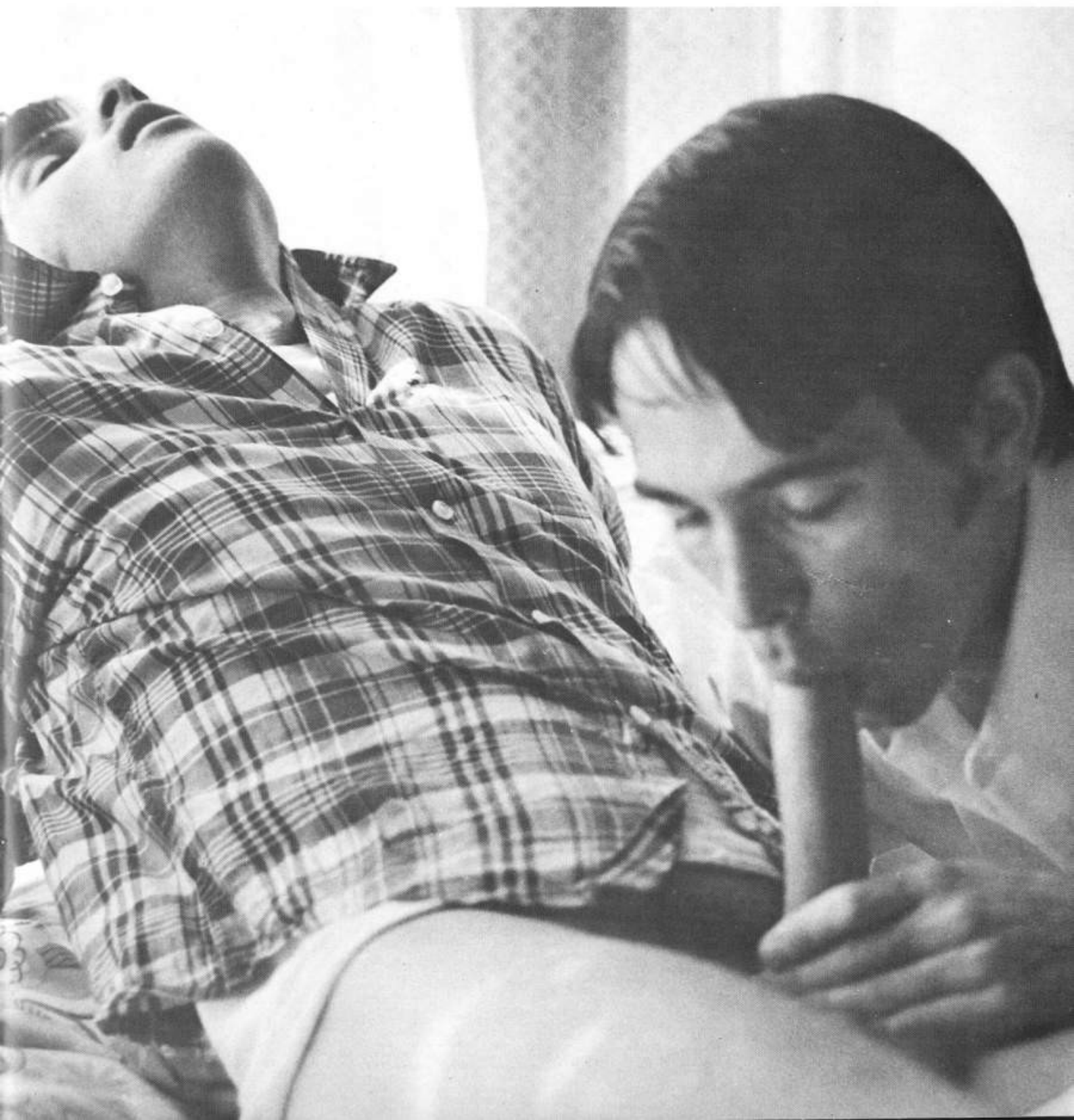
my ass crack and down my back. It smelled of sweat and cum. It was a perfect mixture along with seeing Wheezes face resting on my chest, feeling him inside of me halfway. That was it, I came, and came, and came. All over his rib cage and my stomach. We just laid there for at least one half hour. He fell asleep on top of me while everything dried. When he woke I said "Now What?" We wiped ourselves with our underwear and climbed back into the car. He still hadn't said a

word since we began. We stopped in front of my house and he just looked straight ahead.

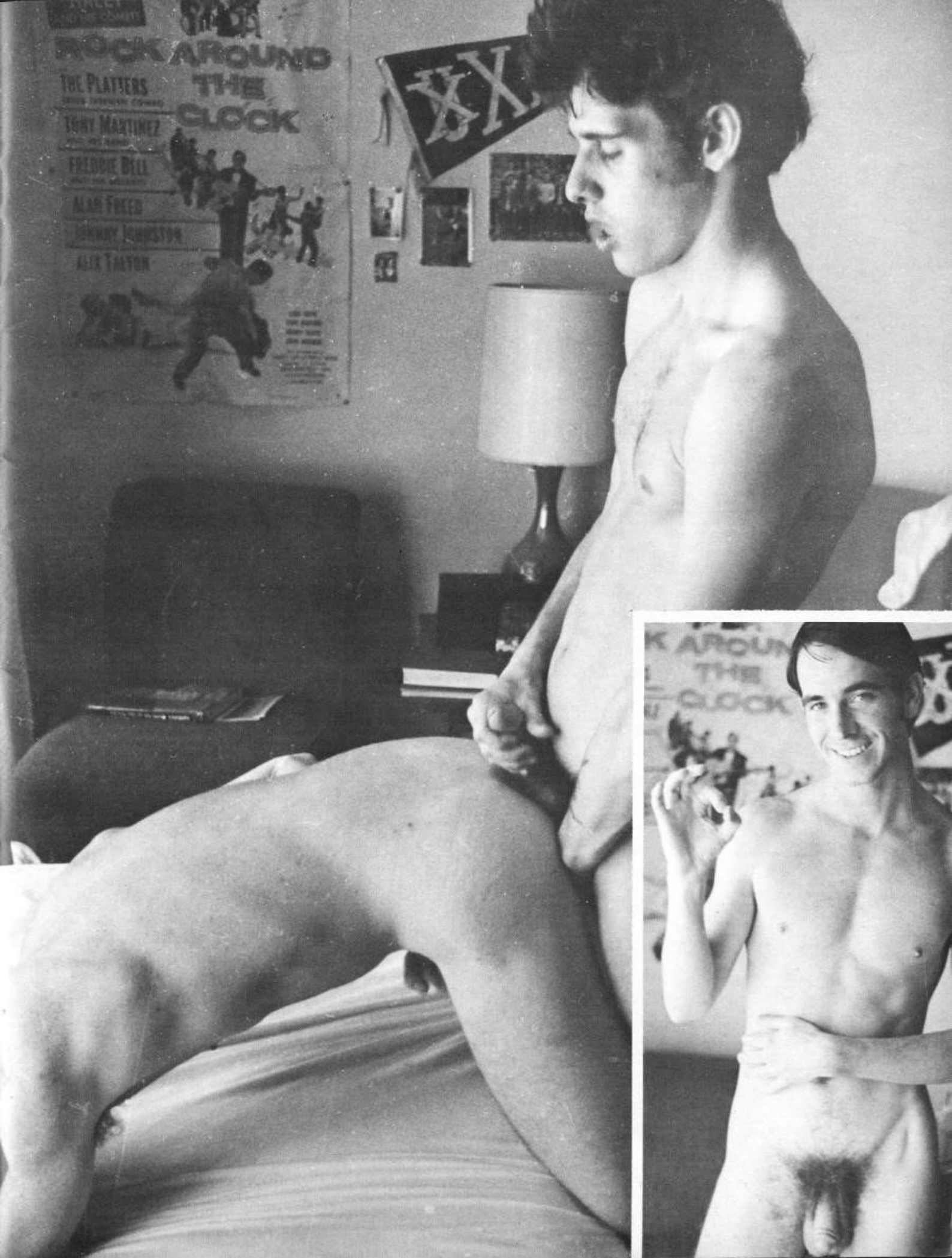
"Good night?" I said and asked at the same time.

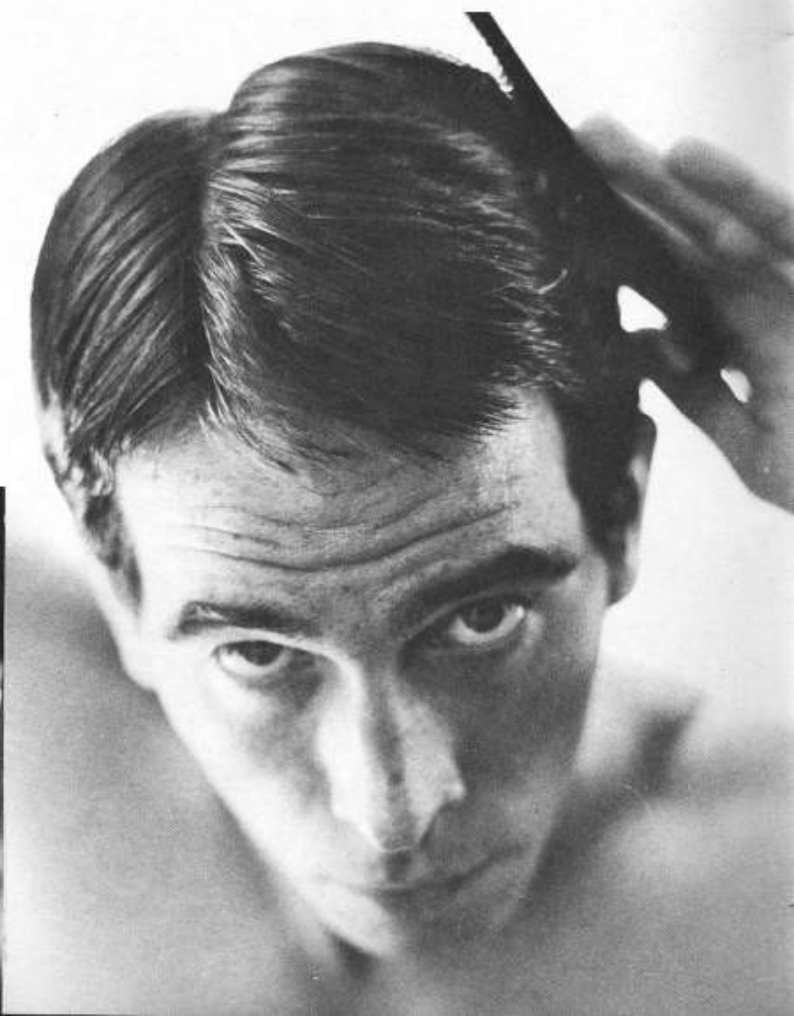
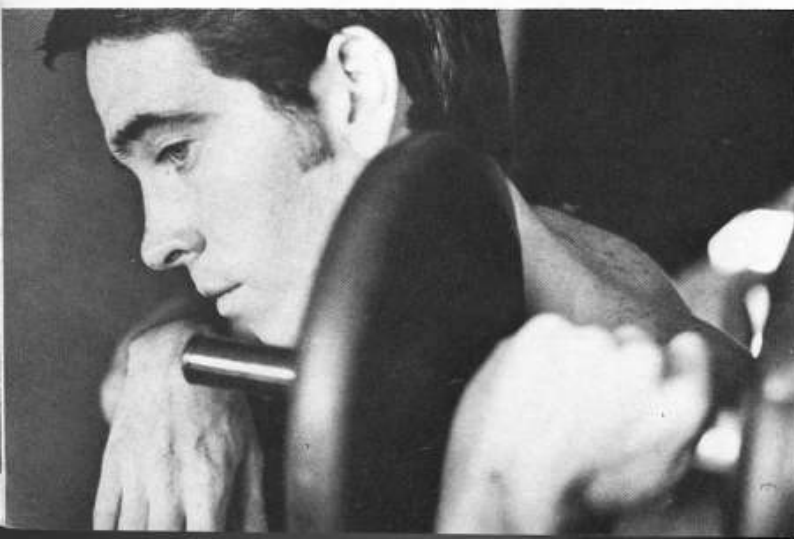
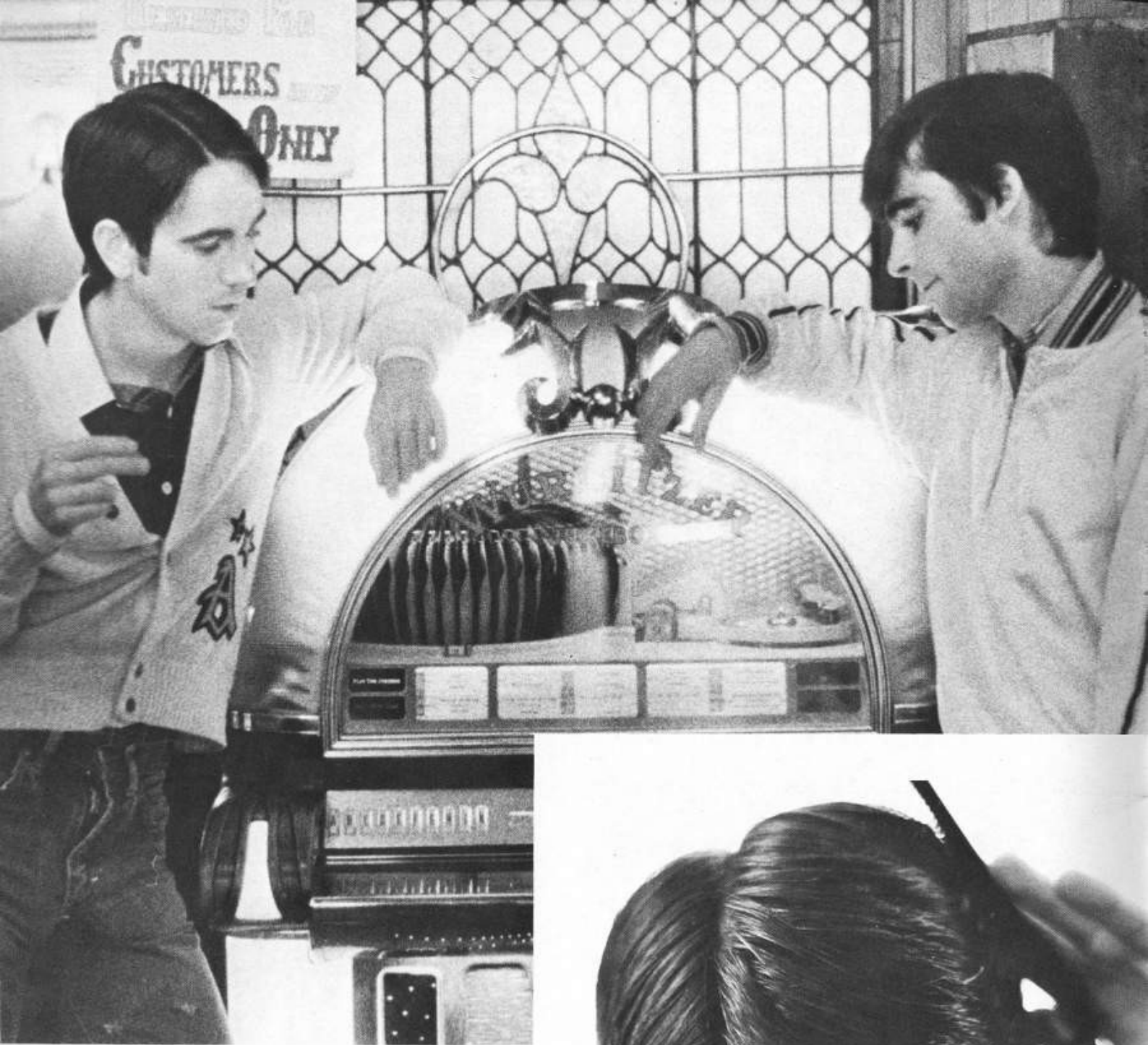
He turned to me and looked at me very blandly and stated, "Don't ever ask me to do that again!"

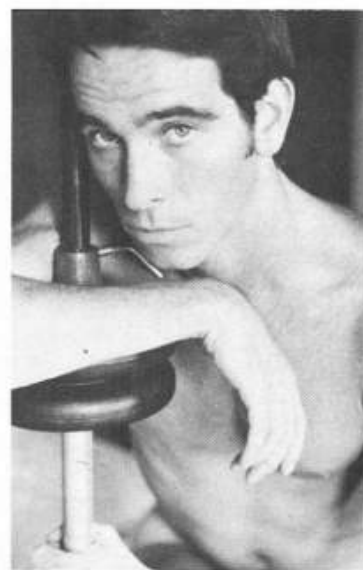
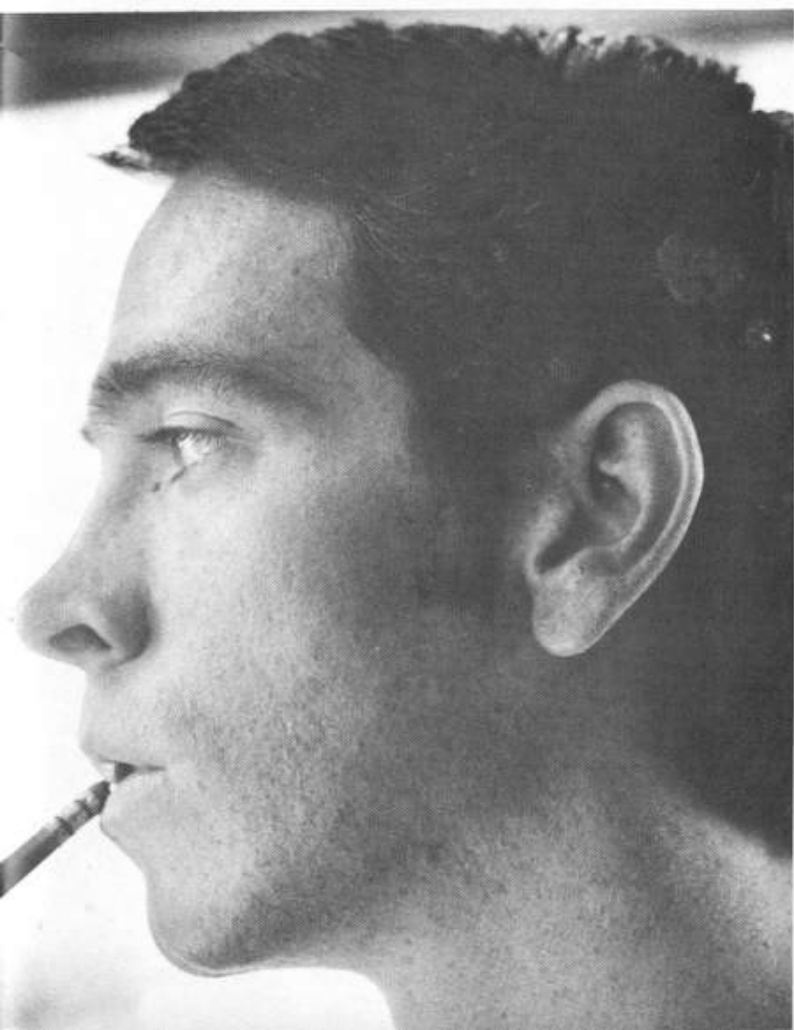
"Ask you!," I said. "You are the one who wanted to pound off in the beginning. You could of said no from the beginning." I couldn't believe I was talking this sharply back to him. It all started in the trunk because of him!

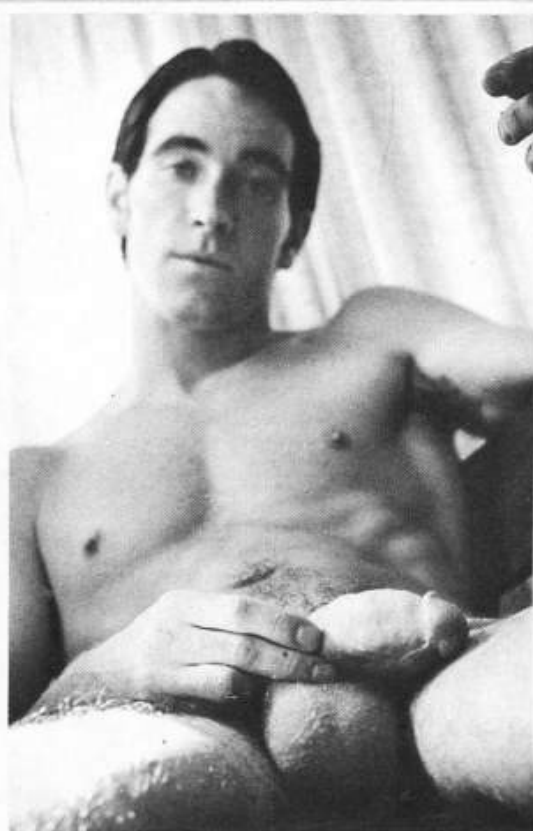
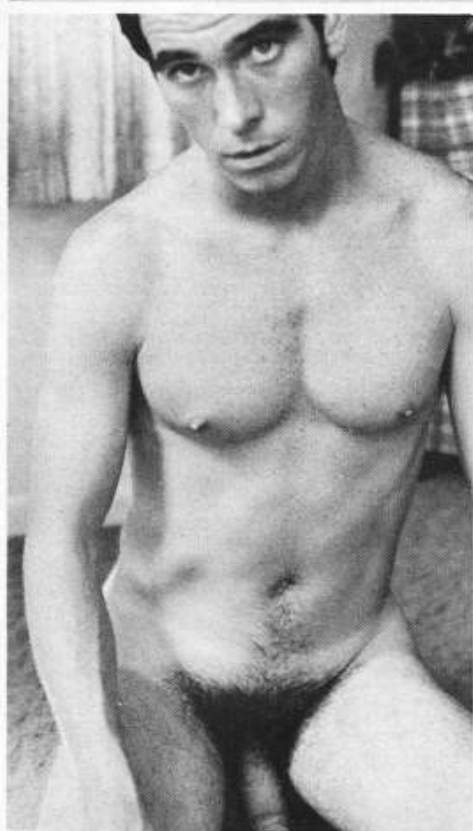








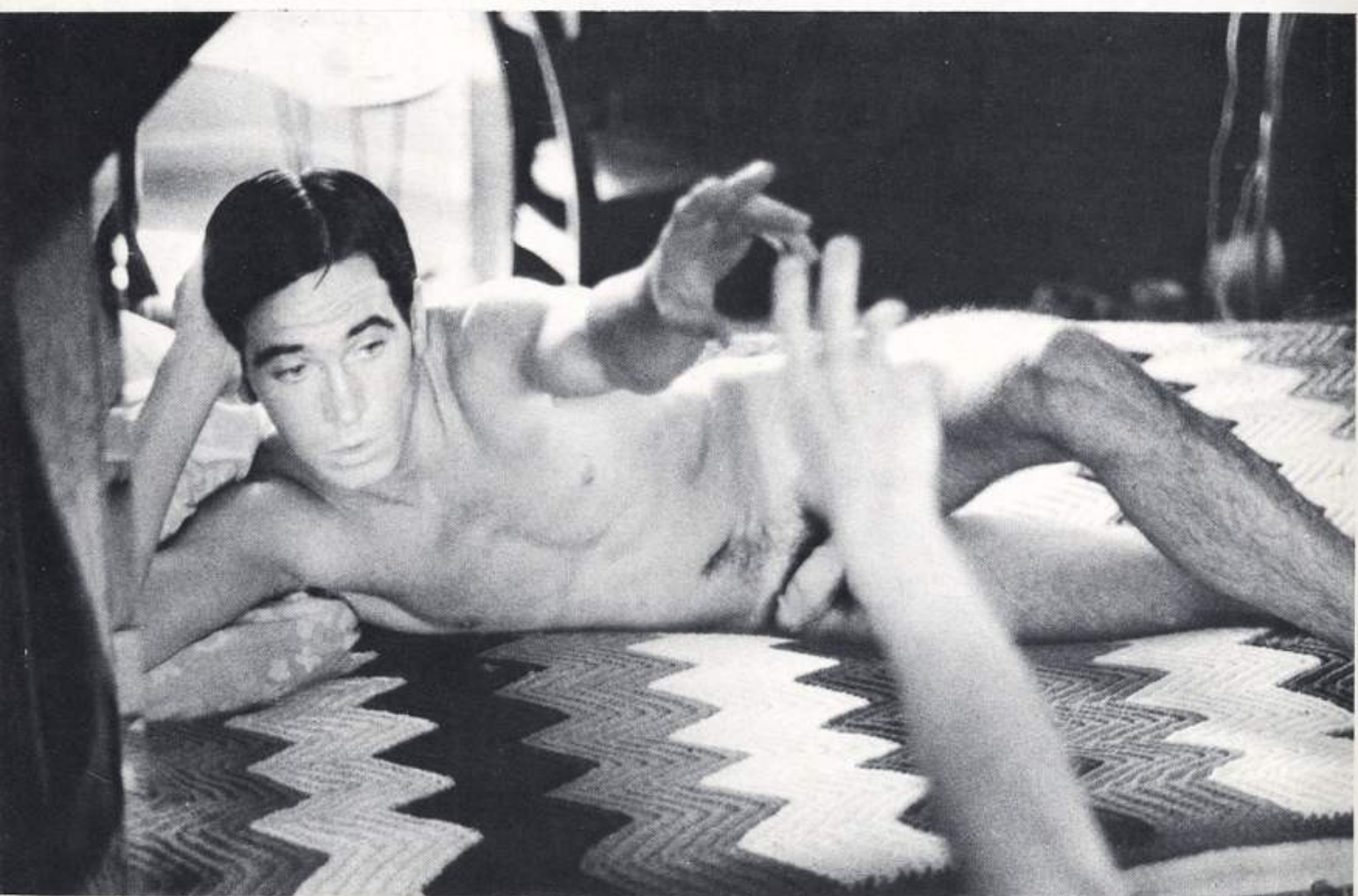
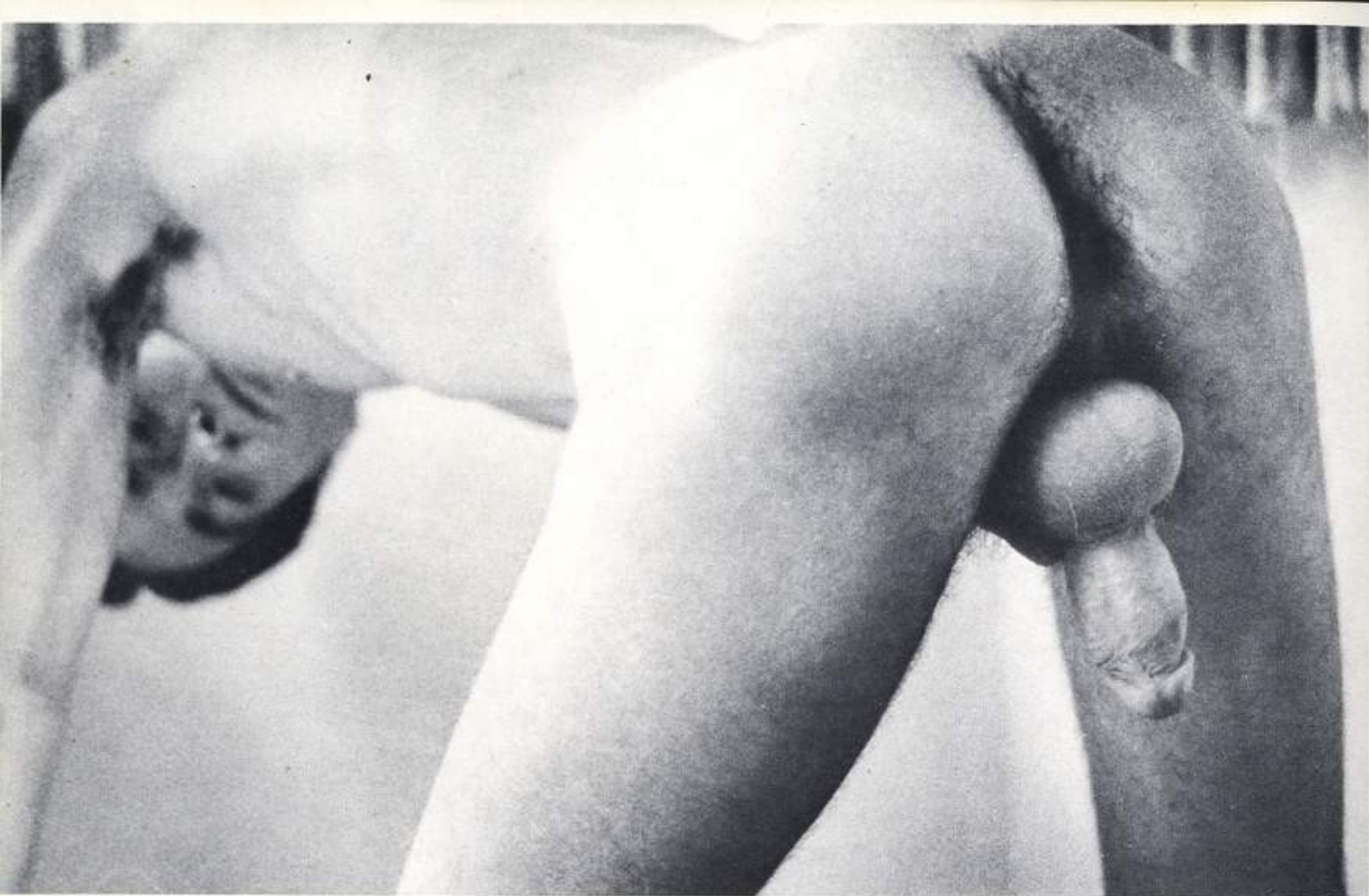






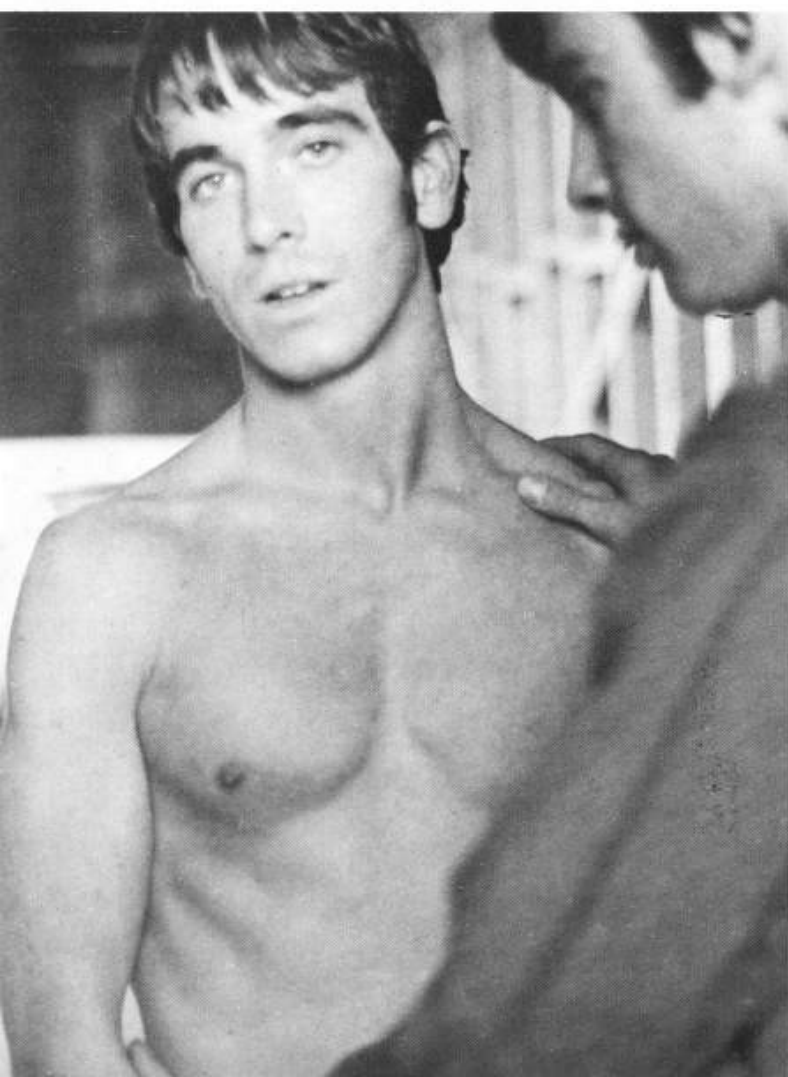
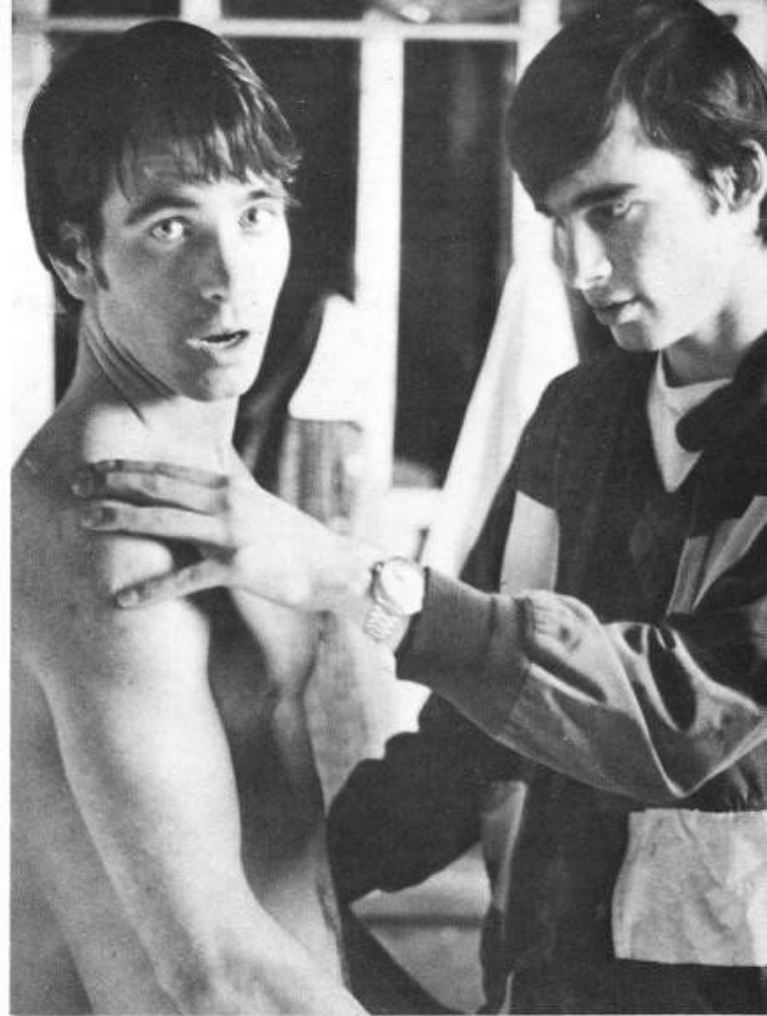


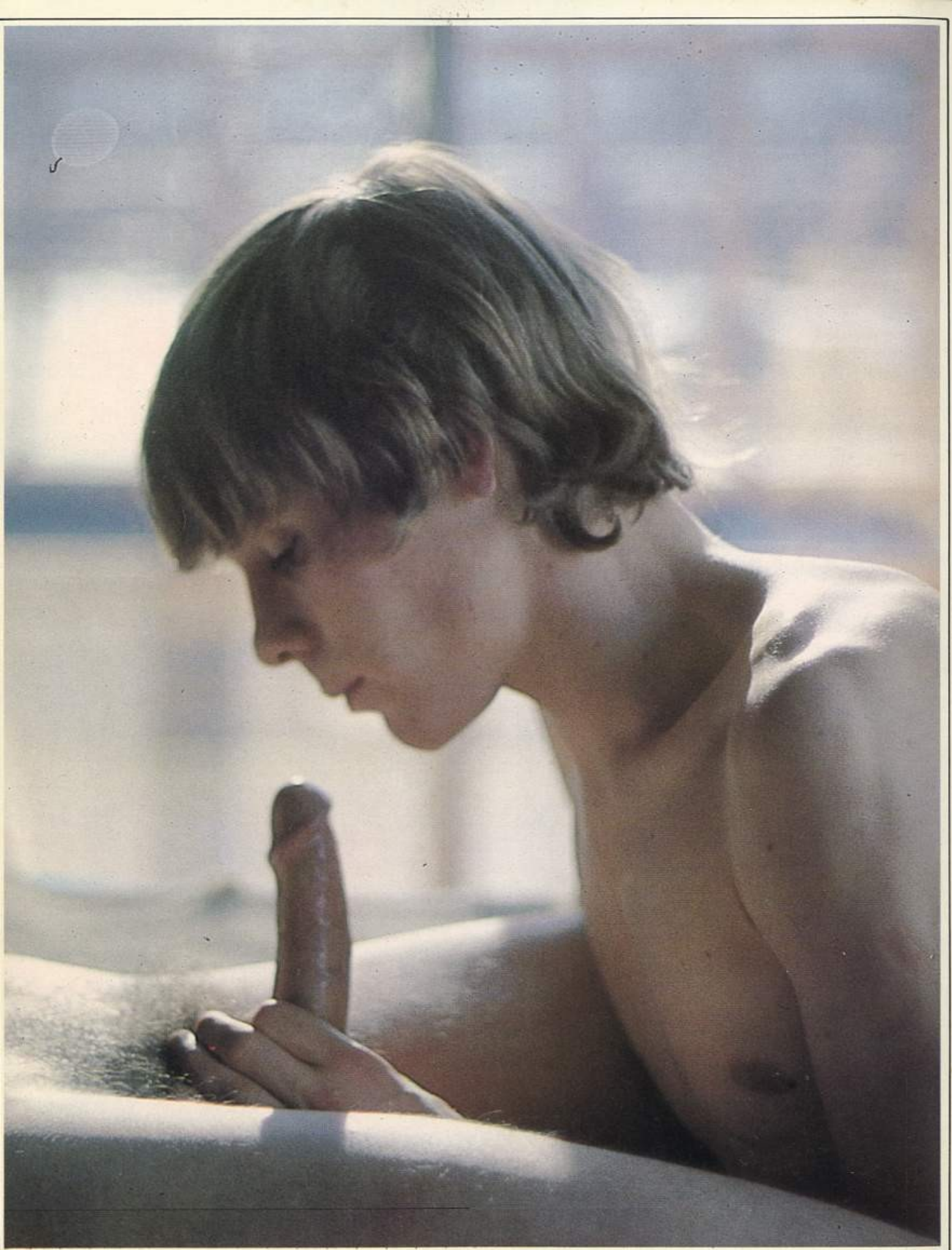


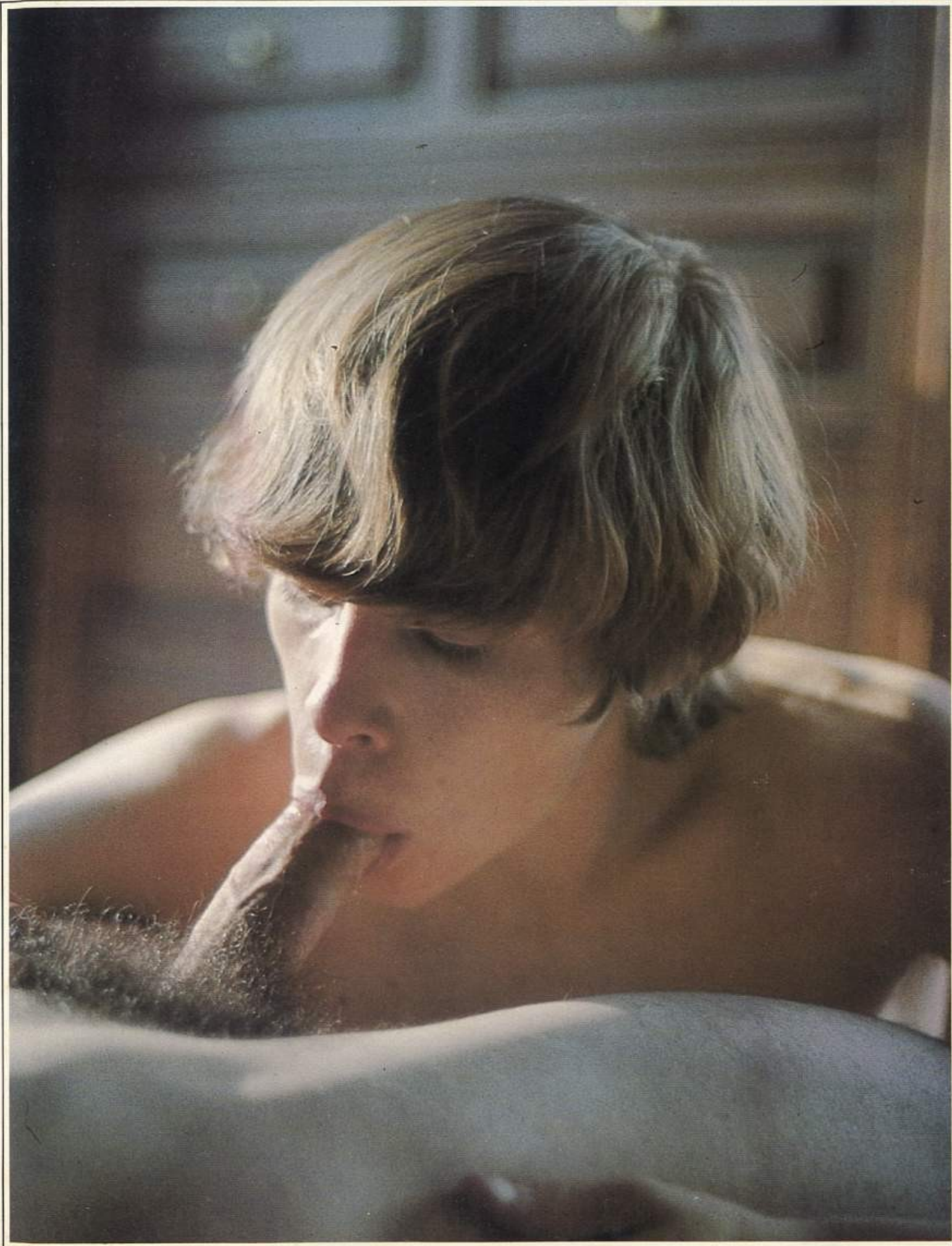




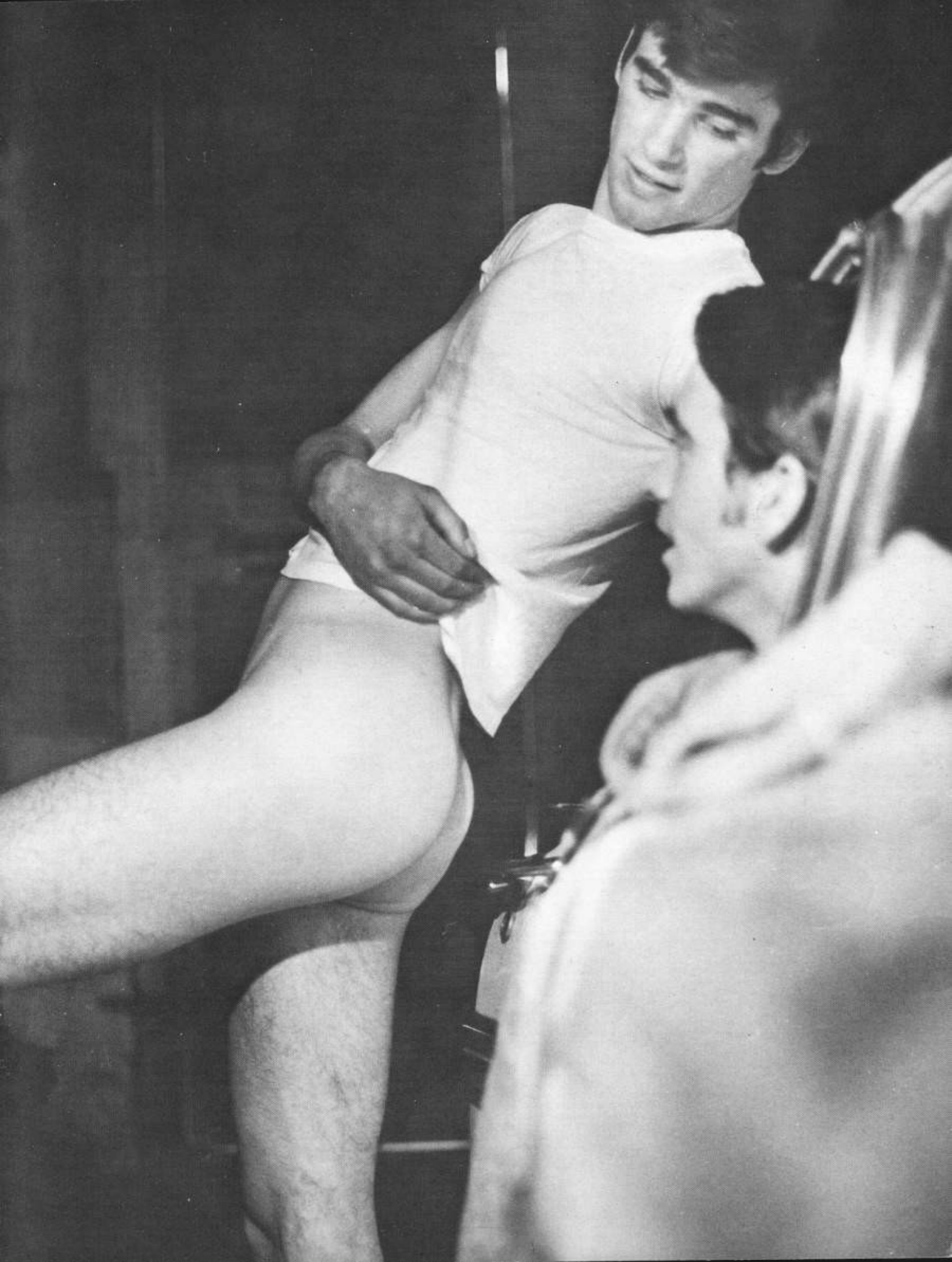




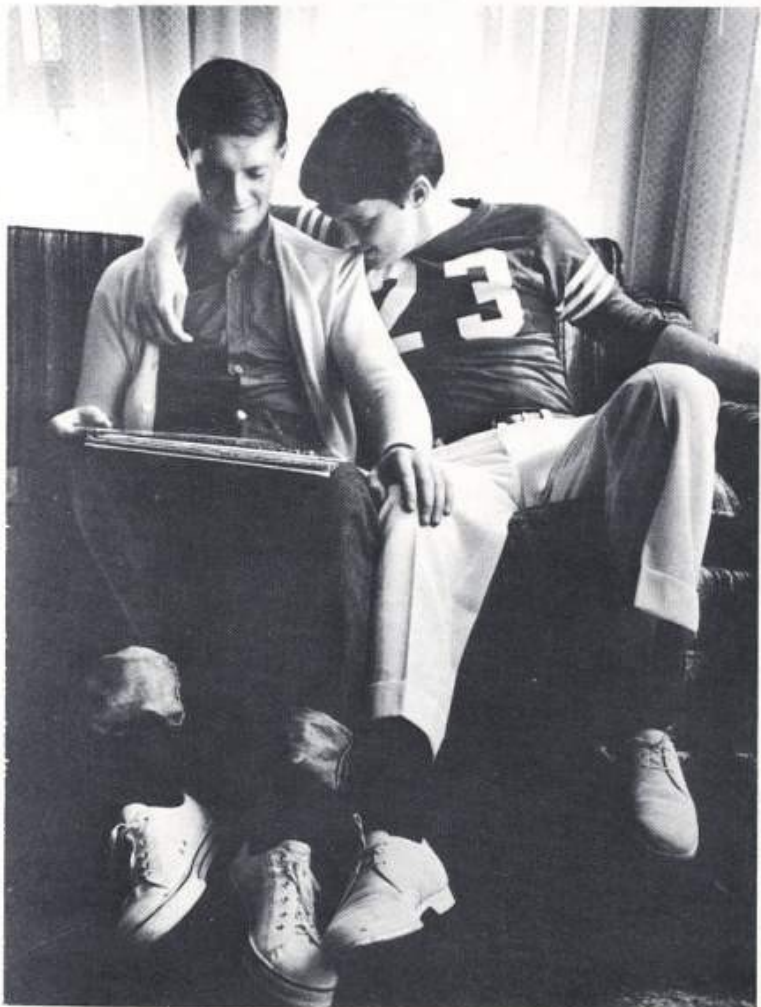




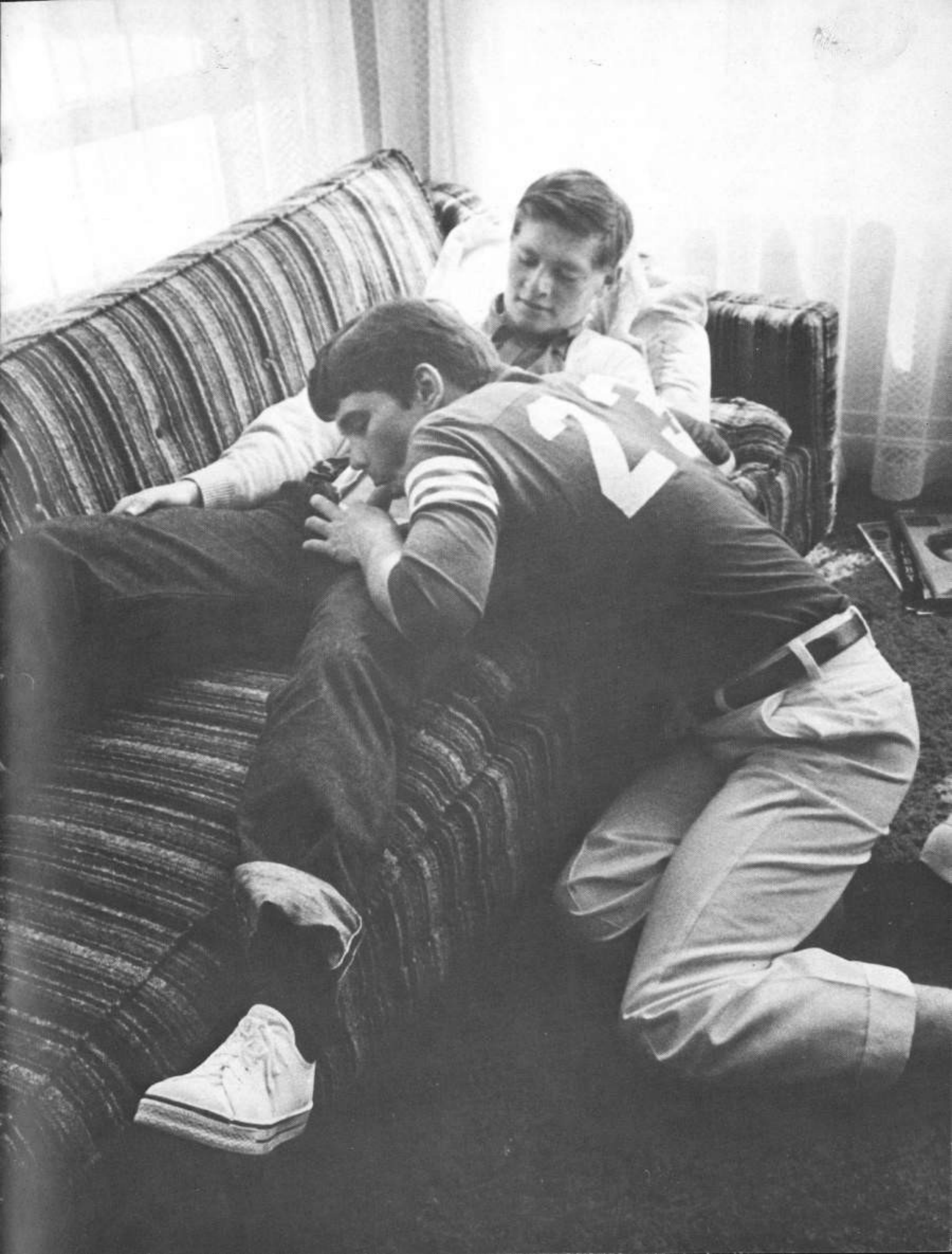








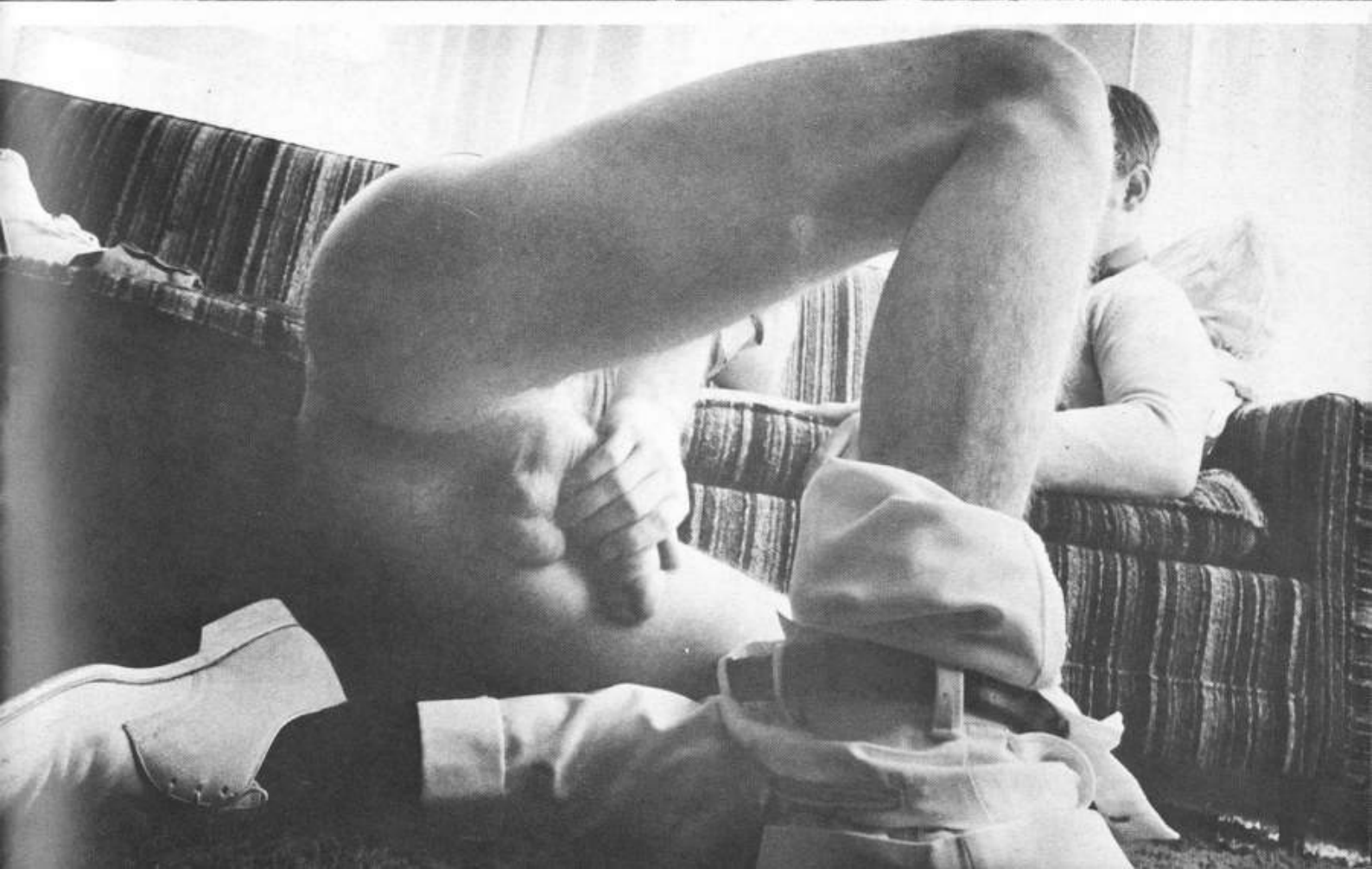


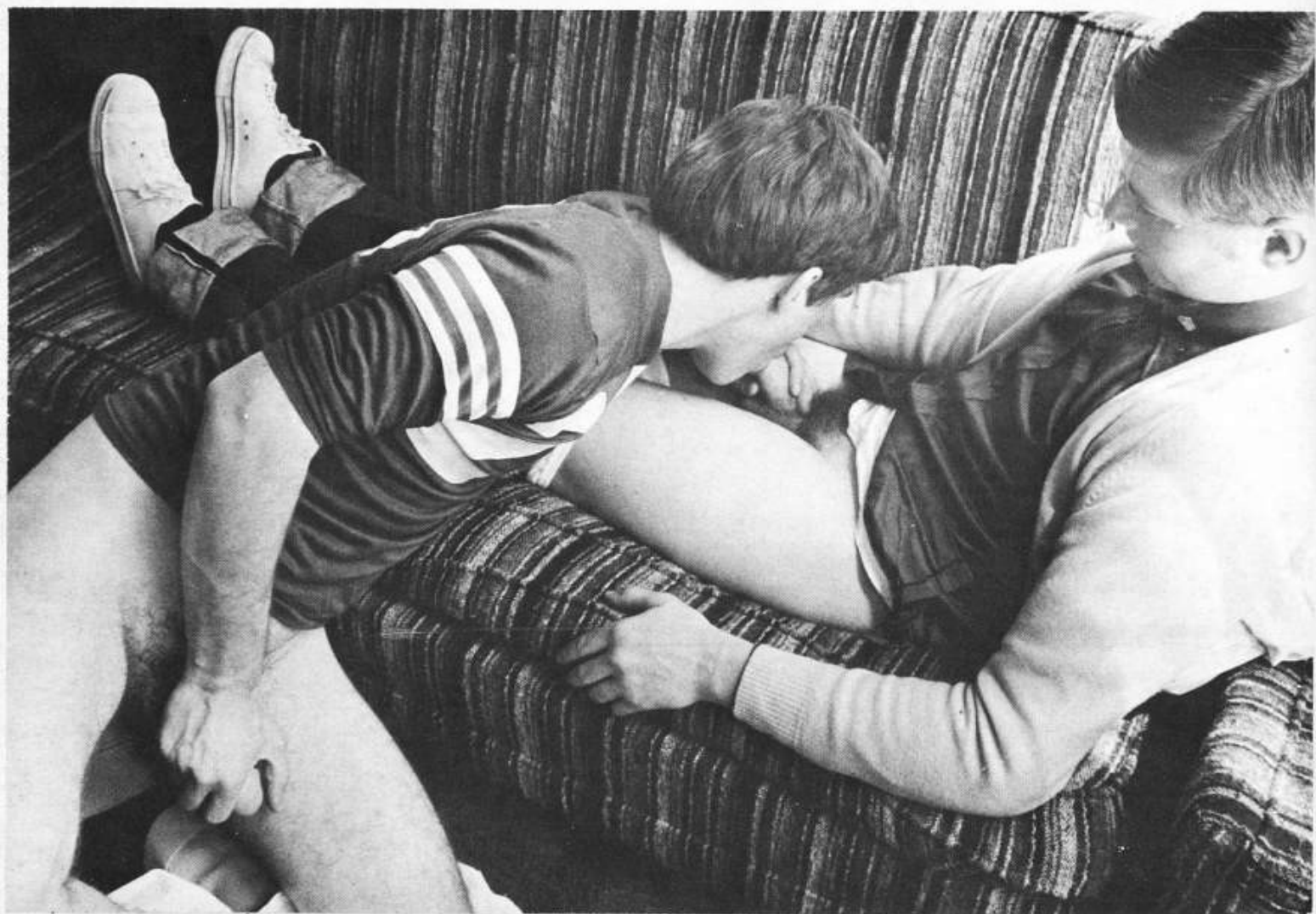
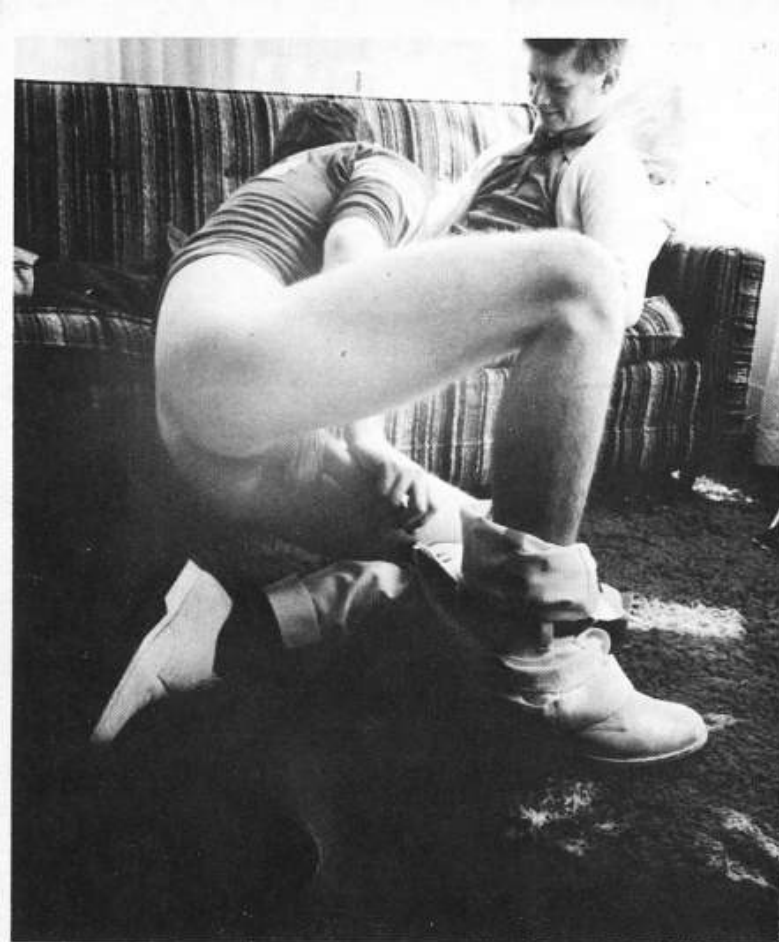






















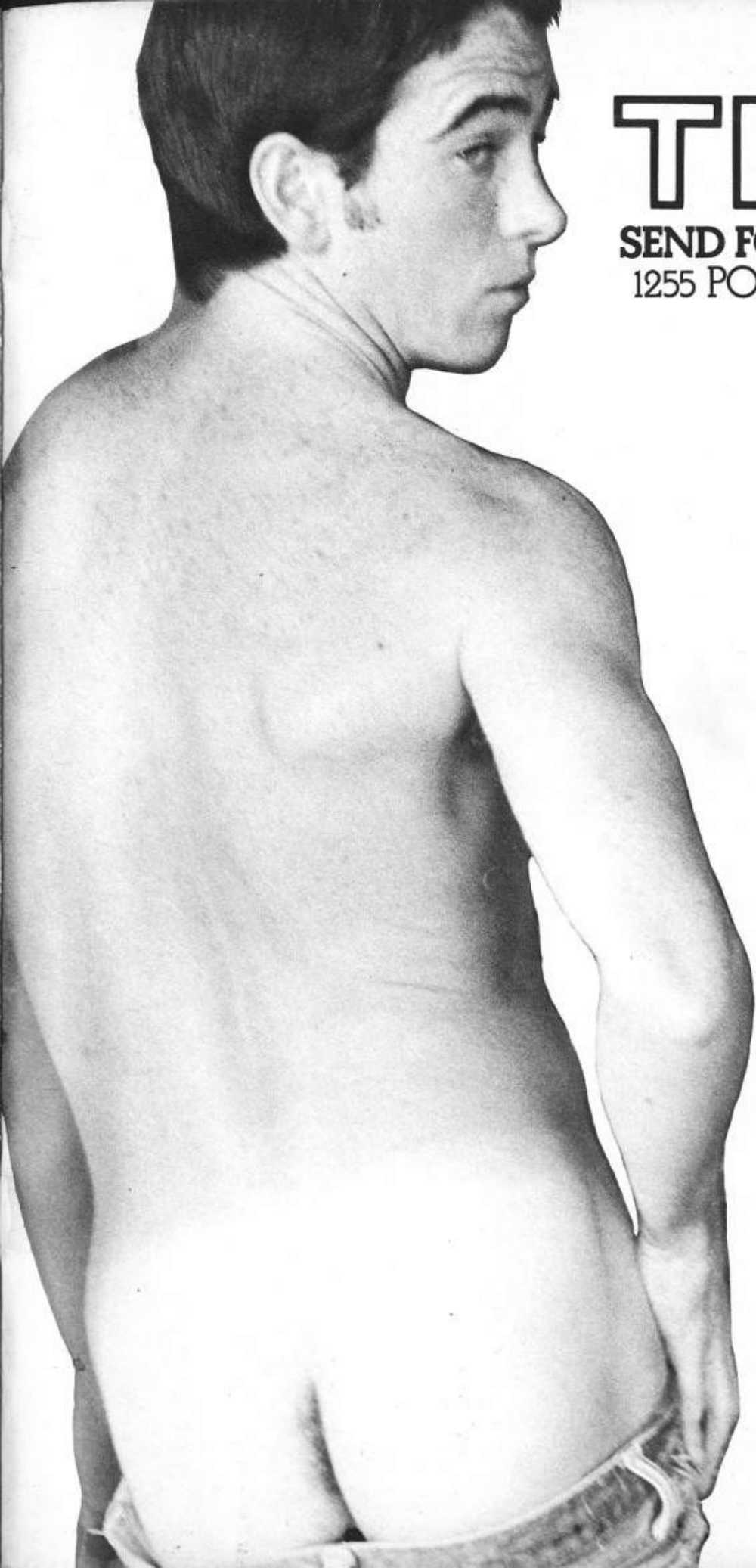












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